

# Toothless The Nightfury

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Summary: You think my life is happy and carefree? Wrong. Dead Wrong. The Story of Toothless The Night Fury!

## 1. FML

\*\*(A/N) Okay, I've been having this anger that I've been trying to put off, but nothing was working. So I let it out into a story. Don't worry, I'll get back to my other Stories. Soon, **\*\*\_\*\*very\*\*\_\*\*** soon. "Evil Laughter" -EquinoxKnight01\*\*

\*\*I do not own How to Train your Dragon. This story is non-profit. **\*\*\_**And an excellent way to let my anger out without harming anyone. See? A Win-Win for everyone! :D\_

"Alright buddy, let's fly!" exclaimed Hiccup as they shot up to the sky. The rush of flying after so long made the Nightfury barrel roll in excitement. \_It's been so long since I felt the wind beneath my wings, guiding me to adventure.\_ Sadly after I lost my tailfin by a feak accident. I couldn't help but still have an grudge against Hiccup. Sure he freed me from the queen, but with the cost of my freedom? Although I've been living with him as a best friend, I can't fully trust him. I just put the show of friendship on so he can feed me and take care of me. The least he can do.

"Come on buddy! Why are you slowing down?"

\_I could go faster if you would let me. \_But in order to keep my charade up, I tease him by nose-diving. \_I hope you fall off. \_But then I would go down with him.

"Alright, that's enough for today." he said sadly. I whined to keep going, but as usual he ignored me. "I can't, Astrid is waiting for me. We'll go again, \_soon."\_ as he scratched my 'used to be' favorite spot. Now it's more of an annoyance whenever he tries to bribe me.

\_Why is he sad? Probably missing his mate. \_Toothless spat out the last word with disgust. Every since his female came around, the flights have gotten more quicker and more distant.\_ She has a dragon, why doesn't she join us instead of bitching for Hiccup to come home?\_ I thought with a dark chuckle. \_I feel bad for her dragon, Spike.\_

As I (more like Hiccup, since he has to control everything) landed, he hopped off and detached the saddle.

Then he ran off for his business. Now stomping to the house- Hiccup thought it would be a cruel joke for me to not always fly to the house but take a "healthy" walk to the house- I think of a time when I soar through the night terrorizing all the idiotic Neanderthals of Berk. I miss those times greatly. When I finally get to the hill, I huff. \_Whose bright idea was it to put the Chief of the whole village at the top of the island? \_I snorted sarcastically. \_I always find time to amuse myself. And Hiccup thinks he the only one that knows about sarcasm.\_ Once up the hill, I look for my dinner. Only to see that my imaginary dinner is not there again. \_Idiot.\_ Now I have to go all the way back down the hill, go through the whole village, only to spend three hours fishing for my own meal. \_Again.\_

There was an easier way to feed myself when the Moron forgot to.

I used to head to the butcher's shop, halfway to the middle of the village, filled with sheep, bear, and moose meat. I was like a teenage boy looking at different weapons for the first time. I started feasting until I found another treat. Whatever it was, it was in a jar, hidden on the top shelf. I just turned my body so my tail knocked it off with skill. As it landed it shattered everywhere. I really didn't give a crap then, just a little jar. I sniffed it to see if it was some kind of sauce or rub for the meats. The scent of it was sweet and interesting. One innocent lick was all it took for me to dive in. After I licked the floor spotless, I felt my vision disorientate, begin to blur. I couldn't stand up straight, so I rolled over to my back. I felt like a little dragon, playing in the grass. Now rolling all around over the shop, I was making a mess. My wings stretched all the way out, I thought of when I was first learning how to fly. I had the strange sensation to start flying again, like old times. Now flapping my wings I probably looked like the dumbest dragon in the world. Trying to fly upside down on the floor. \_I dun' care, I like to see them say that so my face. I'm a NightFury! \_Belch! \_I the best there is! \_\*Hiccup\* \_That reminds me, I'm gonna go give that dumbass a piece of my awesome mind! \_I stood up, or tried to, and walked out of the shop.

The villagers give weird looks as I passed by. \_What are gawkin' at? Ya look like you've never seen a obviously drunken Nightfury before. \_Now that I think of it, a few months ago they've never even seen my kind before. I growled at them with the best 'crazy as hel looking' face I could muster at this point. As Vikings, you would think that they would whip out their swords and foolishly come at me. Instead they ran like little girls. \_Punks.\_

Staggering to the house, I saw a very angry looking Hiccup and Chief glaring down at me. My anger spiked out of nowhere. \_You have the audacity to be mad at me? You didn't even feed me dinner! \_I charged at Hiccup, fangs now bearing. Bu before I could do any damage, the

Chief grabbed my neck and pinched a nerve that I didn't even know I had. And I was knocked out cold. The last thing I remember seeing before I passed out was a disappointed look on both their faces. \_I hate you, Hiccup.\_ Then I slept.

The next couple of days after the incident they would even acknowledge. They even stopped feeding me. \_Wow, what's new?\_ I thought spitefully. Finally Hiccup broke down and began to bribe for my friendship, to be just like old times, with salmon. Knowing it was my only weakness, I forgave him and allow him to ride me.

At the docks I fished for what seemed like hours, which it probably was, and only came out with a few basses and an eel. I was so hungry I didn't even see the eel as I dug in to my dinner. As soon as I tasted it, I spat it out and fell backwards almost falling off the dock. I pulled myself together before someone saw my blunder. I wasn't so lucky.

"Har Ha Ha Ha! Did the big ol' dragon have an accident?" a docks men laughed. I smiled evilly.

\_Oh man, you couldn't have picked a better day to piss me off, pal. \_I ate the rest off my fish quickly, to get my energy from the flight earlier back, and I waited. As the poor bastard howled in laughter, I was getting ready. My belly started warming up, I could feel it forming inside me. Begging to let loose. I usually only fired a quick blue shot. \_But for you, I'll make the exception. Lucky you.\_ All the anger I been feeling this past few months. The stupid idiot for forgetting to feed me, the constant 'death to dragons' joke the Chief reserved just for me, the "girl" for taking up my flying time. It came to me, and boy did I let it unleash. And it felt good. \_So good.\_

\_\*\*(A/N) Continues the Evil Laughter.\*\*\_\*\* Ok, I hope I didn't make my readers change their look of me. A happy fun loving hipster! (Note to self: Find a new description of me!) And I hope to see you review! Is it wrong that I was actually laughing while I was writing this? Nah. Later's \*\*

## 2. A Free Day

\*\*This is just a little something to let you guys know that I'm still alive and writing. AND the most recent chapter that I've uploaded for "Oh My Gods!" is being revised (made longer) as I am telling you this. Short update of Toothless The Night Fury. So yea, Enjoy! \*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own HTTYD. This is non-profit.\*\*

The sapphire flames cooled down back to orange, but the damage was already done. When I finally stopped breathing fire, I felt a deep burning inside from the intensity of it all. Although it felt good to murder that idiot, the pain wasn't a good pain. I crouched down to the water to dampen my inner flames that were still going. As I was drinking, I didn't even hear the Vikings around me scream in terror. Being too relaxed knowing that the dragons weren't going to attack them anymore has made them soft. One dragon attack, and they're screaming bloody murder. The blazing in my stomach was put out and I felt weak. I haven't breathed out like that in a while.

Ever since we, mostly I, defeated the Queen of getting her ass handed to her, there was no more danger. No reason for me to breath fire anymore. Once in a while whenever I take a flight with Hiccup, I'd toss one in front of us just to irk him. He would badger me afterwards, but it wasn't like he could do anything about it. I made him what he is today. The fact that he's still alive is because I allow it, and because he's sealed his fate by cutting off my freedom.

Walking past the overly-dramatic villagers, I thought about what I was going to do the rest of the day while Hiccup gets dominated by his own mate. The thought of him getting beat by her made me chuckle. Then a dark thought came to mind. Hiccup's mate also has a dragon, Prick or something, could that mean that her dragon has the balls to try the same with me? \_She could try.\_ I rolled my eyes. \_And get incineratedâ€¦|\_

That's when I figured out what I would do next. I jumped on top of a vendor's cart and then leaped to the ceiling of a house. Next I scanned the streets until I spotted the Village Stables. I leaped from rooftop to rooftop until I finally made it to the pigsty of a pen for dragons. Hiccup's master keeps her dragon in here instead of her own crappy abode. I mull-kicked the gates and made my way inside. Going past all the pens until I stopped at the Mistress' dragon's hay stay. She sensed my presence and spun around to face my smirking face. I spoke in our tongue.

"Sucks to be you, huh?" My cat-like eyes gleamed amusingly.

"What do you want, no-tail?" She spat. Her remark sparked a small fire in me but I had it under control in seconds.

I shook my head at her weak comeback. "It seems your time in her has softened your wit, Prick."

Spike, her name, snarled at me. She even tried to hurl her spikes at me. But the fence between us prevented any damage to befall me.

"I might have one-tail, but I still have more freedom than you it seems." I laid down and looked up at her while swinging my tailfin in front of both of our faces. It featured a newly modified prosthetic, one that can enable me to fly whenever I feel like, without the need for a fishbone to tag along. Painted black with gold gears, I had to admit just this once, I \_liked \_it. Especially the dark quote stitched into the cloth:

**\*\*Night Fury\*\***

**\*\*The Unholy Offspring of Lightning and Death itself\*\***

**\*\*Never engage this beast, you're only hope is to hide and pray it does not find youâ€¦|\*\***

\_Damn rightâ€¦|\_

Anyway, I could've left months ago, but with the free killings of simpletons and 5 meals a day served to me, why would I? Besides, what I said was as true as a broadsword. I had more freedom than Prick, even if she had a full tailfin.

Her snout flared. "What is your purpose of being here? Don't tell me it's just to infuriate me!" She tried flapping her wings to be intimidating but with the limited room she had, it looked like a pathetic show.

"Actually, I don't have to tell you anything. I'm just here just to be sure." I flipped to my back, wiggling around on the floor trying to get an itch.

Spike calmed down since none of her antics have even effected the Night Fury. She lay down in defeat and let out a sigh. "Sure of what?"

I positioned myself back on my belly and rested my head between my front legs. "Oh nothing, just here to see if your have the same fire as your rider is all. But now I can sleep easy again, your fire has long been extinguished." \_Now that that has been clarified, I have to find something else to entertain me. \_I thought getting up. Walking towards the exit, Prick said her final curses. Not like I was paying her a mind, but her last breath made me stop in my tracks.

A hitched, painful intake of breath. I had no idea why it halted me, any sympathy I was born with had been murdered years ago just like my first kill. But alas, my aged primal instincts reached out and tugged at my blackened heart strings. \_She's you own, you can at least humor her with a free day from this place. \_The voice pleaded through my hard head.

"Fine." Talking to no one in particular. I wandered back to her cage and fired upon it without a warning. Spike recoiled. As the smoke cleared she eyed me curiously. "How about we terrorize the town? Paint it red?" I spoke with a blank expression, but my eyes gave away the truth.

Spike knew it wasn't a question. And the thought of leaving this shit-hole to rain fire down on the unsuspected did sound a lot more thrilling than rotting away. Spike slowly crawled out of the still burning entrance and went to my side.

Together we exited the Stables. Only stopped by the lot of brave stables men whose jobs they were poorly succeeding. Whom I disposed of before Spike lost her nerve and retreated back into her cage like a frightened Terrible Terror. Walking over the burnt remains, I turned around to beckon Prick to follow. She did, but gingerly stepped over the crispy simpletons. As soon as she fully came out of the Stables, she flinched at the bright light.

I let out a low whistle. \_Damn, she had it bad. \_I shook it off and cantered over the fence to the busy streets, Prick close behind. A little too close because she accidentally bumped into me. I was impelled into a group of housewives that looked as if they were coming back from the market street. I didn't even try to swerve my body away to prevent everyone else to fall with me. They all fell and the produce took flight, landing in the filthy curb. I jolted away from the lot of matrons, they smelt of sweat and shame. Once fully untangled apart from them, I froze, then broke into what sounded like laughter. \_Yet again! I amuse myself with my own witticism! \_Continuing to chortle, the women became red-faced with anger. Furious that I had the audacity to laugh at their entire loss of an

afternoon of shopping. The most courageous of rowdy hens stepped up and demanded compensation. This only made me double over in laughter. \_Does it look like I have golden doubloons flying out of my ass?

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The female that spoke out was about to commit suicide by making more empty threats, but the rest of her company pulled her back. "Don't! That's Toothless, Hiccup's dragon, the Chief's son!" The leader still didn't get the hint. The others rolled their eyes. "If we play out cards right, we'll get more than enough to pay for more groceries!"

That brought me out of my howling. Not the fact that they were gold-digging wenches, but the misunderstanding that I was owned by Hiccup. Or took up that cursed pet name. First of all, my proud name is, and will forever be, Silas. Secondly, I belong to no one, I am my own.

Prick, who just now grew a back bone, addressed me. "Toothless-" I shot her my most venomous glare. She quickly fixed her mistake. "S-sorry, Silas. What if our riders get wind of this. We might get in troubleâ€|"

I slit my eyes. "Okay. Before, it was humorous. Now, it's just getting on my nerves."

Spike wasn't following. "What do you mean-?"

I sent her another withering glare. "Prick, we are dragons! We do not get in trouble! And lastly, remember this well, WE allow them to ride us. Not the other way around." Her look of confusion only made me huff in annoyance. \_This should not be the first time she is hearing this.\_ I thought, still fuming.

Spike tried to cheer me up by making amends. "Ok, do you want to maybeâ€| Play a game?"

I looked up at her, waiting for further explanations of this so-called \_game\_.

Spike continued. "You know, we um just go around the village blasting everyoneâ€|"

I narrowed my eyes to make her get to the point.

"A-and whoever gets the mostâ€| W-wins?" Spike chirped out weakly.

I softened my stare and nodded my head. "All right. Sounds fun" I said with my competitive side coming out.

Spike literally breathed out in relief of her good answer.

"All right, take to the skies and fire from up there. But keep you score \_believable.\_" I stared directly into her eyes. "Ready?" I absconded up into the air. I looked down to see Prick's dumbfounded expression. "Go!" I roared for the start of the game, then took off to my favorite killing spot. Guaranteed to score some major points.

\_Spike\_

"Hey that's cheating!" But the black beast was already retreating. I collected herself and took off as well. Up in the air, I spotted a large group of teenagers vandalizing someone else's house with bad eggs. I noticed them right away since the smell came up to my nostrils. I breathed through her mouth and swooped down to them. A few of them acknowledged me as Astrid's dragon and ran away, but the true juvenile delinquents stayed and continued to bombard rotten mess on various houses. The tenants that are out for the day are unbeknownst to their antics. \*\*\*(A/N Another big word I probably used incorrectlyâ€¦) \*\*I flew myself down to a rooftop and perched at its edge, with butterflies in my stomach. I had to admit, this idea of a game to play came up out of fear, a game I didn't want to take part in. But it slipped out and now Tooth-Silas expects me to hunt for sport.

I was never a confident dragon. The only reason I survived this far in life is because at the first raid led by the Queen, I caught a break by getting captured. As soon as I was flying over the village farms to grab a sheep or two, a massive net with metal anchors downed me. The Queen's control painfully forced my primal instincts to its zenith. No brains, just pure brawn. But the weight of the trapping held my seizure. By the time the Vikings discovered me, I was already disowned by the Queen as a useless dead dragon, her hold suddenly severed. The Vikings roughly escorted me to the Kill Ring, where I would spend the rest of my days as target practice for their young ones.

But that was over. I am as bound to this island as is my own choice. If I were to flee, I would have nowhere to go. The Dragon's Nest brought too many repressed memories, even if the Queen was dead, and the only other spot I knew of was prohibited to a loner like me. The Mate and Reborn Island. An island that's sole purpose is for dragons to come together to fertilize and hatch their eggs. Neither of them that I was ever going to do anytime soon. So the best choice was to stay in the stables and get fed everyday. It wasn't the Silas' treatment, but it was enough for a not-so picky wyvern like me.

Peering back down at the unruly kids, I thought about just leaving them and going back inside the Stables to wait for the next meal. But the consequences of what Silas would do if he came back was too riskyâ€¦ And life-threatening. I didn't even know why he freed me in the first place. He was a cocky, self-righteous, know-it-all dragon that only acted if it was for himself, not others. So the question remains, why? The question had to wait because an egg exploded onto my right flank. I drew back at the smell and glared downward to the heckling punks.

"Take that, ya over-grown chicken!" The obnoxious leader shouted. He was probably the one who threw it.

The fire ignited in my throat, my pacifistic nature held it at bay, but something in me truly wanted to cause him harm. Another egg took flight towards me, I tried to dodge it, but was too slow and took the revolting thing to my snout. The smell charged into my nostrils and I shook my head to rid the invading odor. I clawed at my nose, but only succeeded in spreading the mess over the rest of my face. Jerking my head back and forth, the sound of moronic half-pints made me freeze. Then I was consumed with anger. \_How dare they. I've done nothing

wrong by them and they throw at me! \_

Before they could utter another insult, they were silenced by a fiery blast. The leader eyes were as big as dinner plates. The other cronies attempted to run, but yet again, another victim incinerated. One by one, a scream of agony was heard. The only clown left was the fool hardy leader of his now deceased pack. Glowering down at him, a small whiff of urine entered the air. The leader was surrounded by a pool of his own piss. I hopped off the roof and closed in on him. When I was hovering over his pathetic frame, I let a tiny spark fall to the puddle. It ignited and followed the stream until it found it's source. Now with his privates on fire, the idiot wailed and bawled for water to mercy his burning trunks. But we were in the middle of the market, the middle of the whole island. No where near the docks. But after the loud annoying pleas, I put the badass wannabe out of his misery. I scanned the rest of the alley to see the damage. About several dead bodies, horrifically burned. The anger I had vanished and I immediately threw up the contents of my lunch. I was brought out of my surreal by the shrill of a Night Fury.

\_Silas\_

Finally arriving to my favorite spot in all of Berk, I landed on a stone gate and waited for the prey to show up. I didn't have to wait long, it was the middle of the afternoon. Although the numbers double at night, there's still more than enough for me to have the winning high score of the day.

The Vikings came in stumbling groups. Each having their double personas when they like this. Intoxicated. The varieties were endless, I couldn't even remember them all. But the most enjoyable are easy to remember. The three types of drunks.

The Rage Drunk, this one makes it their personal mission to be the loudest of the bunch, whether it's by knocking the fuck out of somebody or yelling at them. Sometimes both.

Next there's the Crazy Drunk. Now this one is very amusing. They so drunk off they're top, they think there dragons. And the best part is that they climb up on roofs and jump off roaring like an dolt. One time, a Crazy walked up to where I was enjoying the show and actually spoke dragon tongue. I didn't even notice we were into a deep conversation until he threw up and screamed. I was probably drinking tooâ€|

Lastly, the Overly Romantic Drunks. I knew well enough to be as far away as possible when they show up. Luckily, these types were rare to be seen only a few occasions. They would find the nearest thing and start dry-humping like there's no tomorrow. Be it a dangerous short-tempered barmaids or inanimate objects varying from chairs, baskets, and even dragons. In fact the reason that they're rare is because one actually did awaken a Monstrous Nightmare.

Anyway, back to the best part. As they emerged from the Mead Hall, I quickly pinpointing the best targets. The ones who drank the most mead are the most explosive. When I say explosive, I mean the mead still in their systems ignite with my fire and implode the drunk Viking to kingdom come. I spotted a fresh guzzler and blasted a quick shot. The blast hit the Neanderthal right in the gut and the results wereâ€| Explosive!



I couldn't contain my excitement as I hit another one. He burst! \_Oh, this is glorious! This much fun should be forbidden! \_I shot off the rest and roared with laughter as I did.

Finally running out of fire, I saw that I also ran out of targets. Tears of joy streamed out of my eyes. \_Ah, one day, very soon, I'll march into the Hall and light the skies with fireworks. I can't wait!\_

Satisfied with my handiwork, I took to the skies. Smirking at my victory, I wondered if Prick killed anyone for the game. \_Probably couldn't kill her own shadow. \_I chuckled to myself. Examining the village below, I spotted a blue Nadder and descended onto her. At first I was surprised, but only for a moment, when I saw that it was Prick. She was in an alley with charred bodies around her. Landing, the putrid smell mixed in with something else foul came to my nose.

"Prick? Did you do this?"

I must've startled her because she literally jumped. "Silas! Don't do that!"

But I ignored her and asked again.

"Y-yea it was me. Those morons threw eggs at me and I killed them."

Recognition went through my head. \_That's why it smells like the ass chamber of secrets here. \_But still, I was a bit skeptical but Prick hurting anything so much as a fly. "You actually killed them?" I looked her over. She did have eggs on her flank and snout.

Spike narrowed her eyes. "Yes, I did. Why are you so surprised?"

Ignoring her, I changed the subject when my stomach growled. I looked up to the sky. The sun was beginning to set. "Forget it, let's go get dinner at the docks." I started running.

Spike was about to protest, but I was already halfway there. She huffed and followed after me.

When we got to the docks, I thought there would still be commotion from earlier. But when the scene came to view, there wasn't a soul. I walked down the pier and waited to see if any of my favorite treats in the whole world, wild salmon, would show up. Spike chirped next to me. I was concentrating on the fish, I didn't understand her the first time. "What did you say?" Spike sighed.

"I said. Why don't we just steal some baskets from the fishermen in the Docks Shed."

I frowned at the water. \_Why didn't I think of that? \_I spat at the fishes and demanded Prick to lead the way. She nodded with a hint of a 'I am smarter than you' smile. I rolled my eyes and followed her to my dinner. Once there, we raided it for both of our favorites. I carried five whole baskets of Salmon, while Spike skipped with her Rainbow Trout. I chuckled at her happy steps. "It's just Rainbow

Trout." I inclined as we found a spot to feast on the beach. For some reason, any type of meal taste better when I'm on the sandy beach. It taste \_seasoned. \_

Spike kicked over all her baskets and organized it's contents into a neat pile. "What my Trout is to me, is what your Salmon is to you. Don't think I don't notice the gleam you get in your eyes whenever you see it." Spike replied before digging into her supper.

"TouchÃ©." I said with a grin. Besides the rough beginnings of this day, it turned out to be \_fun\_. I don't regret freeing Prick- Spike. She came up with the game, impressed me with her losing score, and made a suggestion that saved me what would've taken me hours to accomplish. And now here I was enjoying her company, she seemed to loosen up in the few hours away from that deficient barn. I kicked over my crate and joined Spike enthusiasm. \_Nothing could spoil this dayâ€¦| \_

"TOOTHLESS!"

"SPIKE!"

\_I have got to stop jinxing myself. It's bad for everyone else's health. \_I swallowed the last of my Wild Salmon and sat up.

Hiccup and his owner have arrived. Both fuming and glaring at the two of us. I brushed the glare aside and returned my own, fiercely. I felt Spike cowering next to me. \_And no she's back into her shell. Wonderful, just wonderful!\_

Hiccup's lord screamed first. "What were you thinking? You don't just up and decide to leave the Stables, can't just go around murdering everyone for no reason, and stealing other people's business!" Then the Great Astrid Hofferson stormed towards Spike, malice in her own eyes. "Wait until I get my hands on you, you, YOU STUPID DRAGON-"

\_Crossed the line, bitch. \_I spun my body around and my tail collided with her frame, sending her backwards like a rag doll. She flew back and hit her head on a supporting pole for the pier.

Spike widened her eyes. "Are you crazy? You can't do that! That's Hiccup's mate and more importantly, MY rider!"

"Are you sure, Prick? Because by the looks of her motionless form, it appears I just did." I reverted back to calling her by her pet name. I was pissed that she would even care about her rider's being. If I hadn't stopped the she-beast, Prick would be newly woven boots right now.

"Astrid!" Hiccup shouted, rushing to her side. He lifted her head up and checked her injuries. When he saw the blood at her temple, Hiccup turned pale as a ghost and fainted on top of her.

It amazed me how useless Hiccup could be without even trying. I sauntered over to the couple and examined them. It looked like the female had a mild concussion, by the looks of her glazed eyes, and Hiccup was being spastic dumbass. \_Again. \_

I was about to pick up Astrid, with my mouth, but Spike protested loudly. "No! I will not let you eat her!"

I stared up at her incredulously. "I'm NOT going to eat her!" I shook my head at the repulsive thought. "I have standards."

Spike nodded warily. Then she understood what I meant and smacked me on my head.

"Ow! What was that for- Never mind! Look, you don't want to get in trouble right?"

Spike's eyes grew with fear. She nodded 'yes' frantically.

"All right, so here's the plan. I'm going to drop she-hulk off at her house and you drop off Hiccup at his. Worst case scenario, Hiccup's brain-dead father will think that Hiccup is as useless as everyone in Berk knows he is. Ok?"

Spike blinked at the sudden great plan. "All right."

"Goodie goodie gumdrops and all that crap." I muttered and picked up the girl in my mouth. A bit of blood entrenched my tongue and I felt a tingling sensation. I started salivating, but I controlled myself. \_Remember, if you eat something abominated\_, \_you're going to be breathing fire out of your ass for a week. \_With the female in my jaws, I looked over to see if Spike has gotten Hiccup.

She didn't. Instead, she started flying and plucked Hiccup up with her legs.

\_I guess that would've been a better idea, but she's already in my mouth. Meh.\_

Spike insisted we take her rider home first. "Her injuries are worse than Hiccup's."

Truthfully, I didn't really care. I gave a curt nod and we were off. With Astrid's house in view, but still in a great distance away, Prick decided to ask a meaningless question.

"Silas? Why did you free me?"

I sighed. I knew this question would pop up sooner or later. "I did it because of pity."

Spike waited to see if I would continue on that. I didn't.

I sensed her staring at me. "What? Not a satisfied answer?"

Spike shook her head.

"Fine. I did it out of sympathy. Happy?"

"Really? That's it?"

"Yep."

Spike huffed and began giving me the silent treatment. It didn't bother me in the slightest.

Now flying close to Astrid's house, I simply opened my jaws and her body fell through her roof. The ceiling gave way and revealed that the room her body broke into was that of her parents, whom were fornicating. They screamed and looked out of the gaping hole to find the culprit. But they couldn't see a Night Fury in his own element. I didn't break pace and kept on flying.

"SILAS! Why did you do that? You could've killed her!" Spike broke the silent treatment. She peered backwards at the scene.

"I sneezed." I deadpanned.

Spike glared at me all the way to Hiccup's house, where she unceremoniously dropped Hiccup through the roof as payback for dropping her rider. Not like I was offended or anything. I actually chuckled when the sight of Hiccup's father taking a bath in a cauldron, only to slide down the broken floorboards to the ground below. "No, no, no, no, nooo!" The cauldron shattered and the Chief's backside was impaled by multiple metal fragments.

The both of us now in the backyard of the house, Spike spoke first. "I just wanted to say thanks, Silas. For today. I kind of had fun." Then Spike flew off in the direction of the Stables.

I looked at her retreating form, frowning. "What, no sex?"

\*\*(A/N Yes, piss and beer are highly flammable. It is proven by pseudo-scienceâ€¦ Any who, not much to say besides what you already read at the beginning Author's Note. I don't know if anyone has this thing on alert or not, BUT if they do, send me a review or message if you think I failed miserably trying to use too many big words. That's what I get for trying to sound eduMAHcated. Later! \*\*

End  
file.